

THREE NEW POEMS.

Fourth of July and St. Patrick's Day;
OR, A PLEA FOR IRISH LIBERTY.

A Dream of Love;
OR, GOD'S LOVE FOR MAN AND MAN'S INGRATITUDE
TO GOD.

On Woman, Birds and Flowers;
WITH MAN THROWN IN.

BY OWEN McENEANY,

Author of "Two Rondout Sports," "Four New Poems,"
"An Irish Toast," Etc.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

KINGSTON, N. Y.:
LEADER STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT
1891.

THREE NEW POEMS,

WITH PREFACES,

AND THOMAS MOORE'S PROPHETIC IRISH MELODY,
"ERIN, O ERIN."

FOURTH OF JULY AND ST. PATRICK'S DAY ;

OR, A PLEA FOR IRISH LIBERTY.

Dedicated to James A. Garfield, President of the
United States of America, and through him
to all future Presidents.

A DREAM OF LOVE ;

OR,

GOD'S LOVE FOR MAN AND MAN'S INGRATITUDE TO GOD.

ON WOMEN, BIRDS AND FLOWERS ;

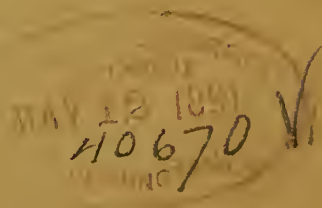
WITH MAN THROWN IN—AT A LADY'S REQUEST.

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PREFACE.

The Fourth of July and Saint Patrick's Day is the effort of a working Irish-American citizen, trying to make clear what all see in a confused way—that the English Government is, as it were, a nightmare on the nations. This does not apply to the English people, whom he thinks as a whole are industrious and fair-minded, but the English Saxons, after being conquered by the Normans at the battle of Hastings, were the first to feel the cruel tyranny of the haughty conqueror. He oppressed and robbed them of everything save their language, and their language he tried in vain to substitute by French. Nevertheless he made French the language of the English Court, because England's conquerors and oppressors were French Normans, and French is the language of the English Court to this day.

To set faction against faction, brother against brother, father against son, son against father, and nation against nation, then oppress all, has always been and is now the policy of the Anglo-Norman Government of England. By these means she has distracted Ireland, Scotland and India, and has for a long time in a great measure controlled the world at large. The United States and France, the two most freedom-loving nations on earth, by the bravery of their sons and, seemingly, by special favor from heaven, have escaped her fiendish grasp; but though she has given up brute force in their case she is still trying and will try while she is able what confusion can do.

The Irish, the sons of sweet Innis Fail,
 Their long, long promised Isle of Destiny,
 The noble descendants of the Great Gael,
 Wherever they be, oppose tyranny.
 The Irish Gaels it seems have a mission,
 Which the world at large fail to understand,
 A mission to improve man's condition.
 The tyrant sends them to many a land.
 To fair France the tyrant did them exile,
 They saved France from him at famed Fontenoy,
 Their cruel foes England's King* cursed the while,
 France gave them unstint praise without alloy.
 To America he exiled many Gaels,
 Thinking them there sure beyond salvation,
 But there the brave Gael the tyrant assails
 And helped to make that a great, free nation.
 To Canada, and to Australia, too,
 He exiled other Gaels with a vengeance;
 There they are now building Republics new,
 Which will soon declare their independence.
 To England starving Gaels went to seek bread,
 Because robbed of it in their native land,
 They with the brave Saxons will soon get rid
 Of their tyrants, the ever grasping Norman band.
 So the Gaels have had destiny galore,
 From Innis Fail to the Antipodes,
 Nor will they rest until they have much more,
 Until all earth be free of tyrannies.
 Wherever goes the brave old Irish Gael,
 There liberty is sure soon to follow;
 He and she tyrants everywhere assail,
 Tyrants they make clear the way *fagó healach*.
 Let the Irish go for home rule and Parnell†,

* At the battle of Fontenoy, 1745, the Irish brigade decided the day in favor of France against the English and Dutch. It made George II of England so mad that he said, "Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects."

† This poem was written ere Parnell's misfortune;
 Pure liberty weeps at his sad downfall.
 Let him expiate and heaven importune,
 'Tis God that makes leaders after all.

And for Gladstone, that grand old Englishman,
The grand result will soon the whole world tell
What the Irish can rightly scan and plan.

AMERICAN DESTINY.

Brave America has destiny too,
It will soon all great nations far outshine,
If it be to the Constitution true
The world at large will fall with it in line.
Let America take Washington's advice—
Keep from all foreign tangling alliance,
And though despots may her Arnold entice,
She can to one and all bid defiance.
There's an ever presiding God who guides all,
Though the wicked oft in great splendor shine,
They shine but like old Greece and Rome to fall,
God keeps planting virtue, uprooting crime.

THE BRAVE OLD GAELIC RACE.

Since the time of Fenius Farsa, the learned King of Scythia, who left his throne to teach school on the plain of Senaar, to the present day, perhaps he and his descendants, who are the present Irish, have done more for the good of the human race than any other class of people on earth. They taught a learned school and organized a learned language, soon after the confusion of tongues. They taught the Egyptians letters, arts and science. They assisted Moses and the Israelites on their way out of Egypt, for which favor Moses cured Gaedal, Niul's son, of a serpent's bite, and foretold that no venomous creature should have power in any country in which the posterity of that youth should dwell.

While wandering from one country to another in organizing clans, they always took part with the oppressed against the oppressor, and do the same wherever they be to this day. England was of but little account before she had the

Irish and Scotch Gaels, who are of the same stock, to assist her. England, like pagan Rome, which, while conquering the nations, carried the Apostles to every land, is now carrying the Irish into pagan and savage nations. The Irish will remain civilizing and christianizing those nations long after England's pomp and power are gone.

PROPHECY OF IRELAND'S FUTURE GREATNESS.

When one considers the prophecy of Caicher, the pagan prophet, on Innis Fail, the Isle of Destiny, the prophecy of Saint Columkille, which promises greatness for Ireland, the favorable position of Ireland on the map of the world, the great faith, morality, industry, wit and bravery of her children, he cannot help coming to the conclusion that Ireland will yet be the central seat of all that is good and grand on the face of the earth.

Though, like the Israelites, on their exodus to the promised land, some get faint-hearted and fall on the way, still the main body are marching on to a grand destiny. And their descendants will yet make pilgrimages from every clime to the loved Isle of Destiny, and saints worshipping and glorifying God for the many favors He has conferred on long-suffering Ireland and the ever faithful descendants of Fenius Farsa, who embraced the Christian faith from Saint Patrick without making a single martyr, yet who have themselves for centuries suffered martyrdom in defense of the freedom they inherited from their illustrious ancestors, and the faith they received from the ever glorious Saint Patrick.

Wherever go the children of loved Gaedal Glas,

Whom Moses of the reptile's bite cured in Egypt,
There all venomous creatures' power shall soon cease ;
This is ancient history, not a mystic fable.

And wherever go the children of Saint Patrick,

From thence all demonian reptiles must soon take wing ;
They're cursed by Saint Patrick and Moses the Patriarch,
Who blessed the Gaels in the name of the Eternal King.

THOMAS MOORE'S PROPHECY ON THE FUTURE
OF IRELAND IN HIS "ERIN, O ERIN."

Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin, O Erin! thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set ;
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin, O Erin! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
'Till spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
Thus Erin, O Erin! thy winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

AND

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

DEDICATED TO JAMES A. GARFIELD, PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

This poem was written between the election and the inauguration of the ever to be lamented James A. Garfield, President of the United States of America, and dedicated to him, is now, through him, dedicated to all future Presidents of the United States of America.

Illustrious President, though not my choice,
I submit to the majority's voice.
To elect a President, our safe way
Is to let all the people have their say.
He who is elected is Uncle Sam,
Whose loving nephew I always am ;
That you may rule as Washington has done
Is the humble prayer of your brother's son.
I dedicate to you this artless poem,
Hoping its imperfections you'll condone.

That Uncle Sam may ne'er become elate
Is my humble prayer, I who wish him great,
Seeking that bauble wrecked men and nations,
Brought them from high to low, humble stations.
Trying to grasp it even angels fell,
Which leaves them a wreck forever in hell.
"Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition,"*
By that sin angels fell to perdition.
How then can mortals by it glory win
When God, their Creator, does it condemn.

The Fourth of July and Saint Patrick's Day
Will not from memory soon pass away ;
They'll be welcomed and honored all the while
There's a true son of freedom on Erin's Isle ;
They'll remind millions of a lasting good
Which their fathers left them through prayers and blood.
The one left free altars and a happy home,
The other true worshiping of God alone.
The blood which they shed is a permanent seed,
Which will spring up when there's of it just need ;
The prayers which he prayed are with God above,
Who in good time will remember His love,
And free this people from bondage and thrall,
Though guarded by bayonets and a Chinese wall.
All the bayonets and walls tyrants can produce,
Will not save them when God's wrath is let loose ;
The Israelites when God wished them to save,
Walked through the deep, their foes sank in the wave.
Many other places the scriptures tell
Where the people triumphed and tyrants fell.
Great tyrants can rule but for a short time,
While the people's right to rule is divine.

* The first line of the last four is from Cardinal Woolsey's advice after his fall to Cromwell, his servant, as found in Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth." The last three lines are from the same, but made to rhyme so as to correspond with the first.

'Tis only when people themselves get bad
That tyrants in crowns and armor are clad,
Then their cruel rule is but very brief,
As they on the people bring so much grief
That they cry out and pray to God above,
Who then, in mercy, remembers His love,
And crushes those tyrant down to the earth,
To show that they rise and fall by his breath.

GOD IS THE GREAT ELECTOR.

For God is the great elector of all,
He elects and rejects as he did Saul.
When the tyrant's bad rule he does prolong .
'Tis because the people again do wrong,
And are like small children going to school,
Unable at present themselves to rule ;
Or because the people still remain bad,
And must be treated like men that are mad,
Kept in good straight-jackets from age to age,
For fear they'd commit some fearful outrage ;
Though now to the people God gives the choice,
He does so that all give an honest voice ;
Should they not do so they'll soon pave the way
For their oppression at no distant day. .
Let all look to it when giving their ballots
That they do not act the part of harlots,
For lucre their dear-bought rights prostitute,
Then with false hearts and tongues virtue salute.
And those great, rich men, looking for office,
Should bear in mind that God is no novice,
But will punish those who corrupt the poor,
When they should do their best to keep them pure.
They should bear in mind that life's but a span,
And that those who corrupt the working man
Will have to answer before God on high—
Perhaps here on this earth yet ere they die.

Besides they must take the iron-clad oath,
Which makes them to be what to say I'm loath.
Poor humanity has enough of curse
Without trusted guardians cursing it worse.
Where are the Herods? where are the Pharaohs?
Where are the Cæsars? where are the Neros?
Where are their posterity? can any tell
If they be dead or on this earth now dwell?
No matter where their powers of the past,
Which shall be the end of all tyrants at last.

BRAVE AMERICA.

Brave America, whose population
Was scarce known to the rest of creation,
Whipped British and Hessians on ^{sea}land and shore,
Whipped England worse than ever whipped before.
Now that free land's the retreat of the world,
And in freedom's cause her flag's still unfurled,
Inviting the nations to get right up
And drink freedom's health from freemen's cup;
Not with leaders who'd but make themselves great,
But men like Washington, who'd themselves cheat.
Leaders like Washington and Brian Boroo
Always gain freedom because to freedom true.
They don't put down tyrants to take their place,
But to give freedom to the human race.
First in war, first in peace, ever right, never wrong,
With themselves at peace in their country's heart strong,
Their enemies, legions they soon make fly,
Though thrice their number, mailed from head to thigh.
Mail and great strength served big Goliath well,
'Till with honest David's pebble he fell;
And the three hundred braves of Thermopolia,
Kept great hosts at bay and saved their country.
So the three braves who captured Major Andre,
Helped much toward England's final surrender.

FREEDOM'S LEADERS.

Freedom's leaders must be honest and good
 In judgment, in heart, in mind and in blood,
 Or they'll make but a spasmodic trouble
 That will soon end in a bloody bubble.
 They must form good laws themselves to direct,
 Laws that the rich and poor alike will protect,
 Then all their foes they'll with double force strike,
 As all will feel interested alike.
 The great American Constitution
 Somewhat altered to suit each situation,
 Would be a just and well directed blow,
 Which, well followed up, would leave tyrants low.
 Some leaders care but for a certain class,
 The working man they look on as an ass
 To do the drudgery of the whole day
 On less than half food and sure not half pay.
 Should not the less than half fed and paid least
 Work long and hard they'd treat him to a feast?
 To an ass's breakfast*, the road and the stick,
 And for a dessert they'll give him a kick.
 Such leaders should and always will fail,
 As they but freedom in the back assail.
 Freedom's first lookout is to help the poor—
 To keep the rich from oppressing them more;
 And to make rich frauds deliver right up
 What they for ages from them did rob.
 To make all happy is freedom's hobby,
 Not to have Johnny oppressing Bobby.

GREAT LEADERS.

Great leaders who can help freedom along
 Are very hard to be found in the throng;
 'Till they are found freedom cannot exist,
 It will come and go just like the mist.

* Some think an ass should work on no food or next to no food. Should he not do so they often cruelly kick and club him even to death.

George Washington's the best man on record
Who helped freedom with judgment and sword;
Not for himself to take the tyrant's place,
But to give his country happiness and peace.
Though but human he was almost divine,
And shall be more loved with the lapse of time;
As freedom and liberty are just the same
They might be changed into Washington's name.
With it emblazoned on freedom seekers' flag
The foe ere he'd know before it might fag.
Liberty did George Washington inspire,
And the son was no disgrace to the sire.
The great Republic he has left behind
Bears witness to his true soul, heart and mind.
Humanity may well of him feel proud—
On his escutcheon there is not a cloud—
And the longer he's dead the more his name
Will be honored in the records of fame.
While doing George justice I must keep in mind
That he was but chief of chiefs not far behind,
And men as brave as ever handled a gun
In the shade of night or light of the sun,
With foes front and rear, on their flanks in their midst;
They cleared them away as the sun does the mist,
And came out with liberty bright as noonday
To live forever, let all humbly pray,
And to go forth like the rays of the sun
All over earth where there's living a man.

AMERICAN RULERS.

Their rulers, unlike the Czar or Kaiser,
Do not dread pistols, daggers or razor,
They need no choice guards their lives to defend,
They're the people's choice and on them depend.
They're full as plain as the poor working man,
Though in power surpassing John Bull and a Khan.
And a poor man is oft chosen to rule ;

Some like Lincoln and Johnson did themselves school—
One a wood chopper, the other a tailor—
Some day they may choose a jolly sailor.
There's a chance for all men born in the land,
And all like Jackson on sea nearing the strand.
What difference 'twixt their and kingly rule?
The King, by descent, will rule though a fool;
Americans choose none that are not tried
In civil life or the field that is dyed;
So they had rulers of whom all are proud,
Rulers who served them well and England cowed;
For England long waited but for a chance
With hordes on the young Republic to advance.
That chance came but once, when Jackson and Perry
Made her beat a retreat all in a hurry,
And brave General Scott did just the same
At many places besides Lundy's Lane.

JOHN BULL'S TREACHERY TO UNCLE SAM.

A knave to the slave John helped the Rebellion,
For which Uncle Sam dunned him fifteen million;
He dare not back out, he had to pay down,
Or Sam would take one rich gem from his crown.
With the legions just from the Rebellion
He'd march over and take the Dominion.
He'd make John pay at least thrice that amount,
Nor would Sam leave 'till he'd settle the count.
Should John refuse, the Dominion he'd seize,
And all John's fortresses capture or raze.
The day is past when Sam was a baby,
As old John shall find out when Sam's ready.
That Sam is now healthy, wealthy and able,
No thanks to John, who'd kill him in the cradle.
When Sam was a stripling, John tried the same game,
'Till Jackson, Perry and Scott put him to shame.
The only shame John knows is a defeat,
For John's a bully, a lout, and a cheat.

The world at large he'd wish to gormandize,
Then wish in his heart to gobble the skies.
But the day's coming, it will not be long,
Ere his big paunch shall be laid in the dung.
When Sam was grown up and felt of himself proud,
Twixt him and some nephews there came a cloud.
That cloud hung for years, John still advised Sam
To free by some means the children of Ham.
But when Sam and nephews got into trouble
John did all he could Sam then to hobble.
Meanwhile John got Sam's friends' carrying trade ;
Of John's rebel cruisers they were afraid.

UNCLE SAM MAKES A WILL.

For those tricks Sam will not John soon forgive,
He'll will them to Sam, who'll after him live,
Telling him to beware of cruel John
And destroy his power as soon as he can,
As he's an imposition on men at large,
Who'd rob them, then double for their own charge.
Had John caught Washington, though twice as great,
He would not the gallows of his neck cheat.
Had he George, like Emmet, in the same stew,
Emmet's sad fate tells what old John would do.
Or he might do as with the brave Sepoys,
To make fun for his own and scare Yankee boys,
Shoot him right out from a big cannon's mouth,
And when in air give a cheer and a shout.
Or as he did with the fair maid of Orleans
At a stake for a witch set him in flames.
The other patriots he'd make suffer too,
Because to their country they had been true.
Sam will not forget the French or Lafayette,
Who helped him out of John's murdering sweat.
No, Uncle Sam don't forget a favor,
Nor was the French a small favor either.
Nor will Sam forget the brave Irish race,

Always his true friends in war and in peace.
 Though John does them rob, oppress and despise,
 Sam finds them hard workers, faithful and wise.
 And Sam, when ready, at the proper time,
 Will make old John Bull pay dear for his crime.
 The starry flag will soon assist the green
 To make Erin again what she has been.
 Then old John Bull's blood-red marauding flag
 Shall be hauled down with his flaunt and brag,
 And hid away from the sight of the sun,
 As something too foul for it to look on.

SAM'S RELATIONS WITH JOHN CHANGED.

Sam's relations with John are now much changed,
 John's all-grasping arms, which Sam has but singed,
 Will see and feel Sam's great power by and by,
 When Canada forever from John will fly—
 Fly through or over Niagara's great mist
 To in Freedom's cause forever enlist.
 John may bluster at Sam and the Canucks,
 But when Sam gives him a few heavy pucks
 He'll soon retreat with his tail close behind,
 Wondering if Sam has more in his mind;
 While Sam's thinking of all North America
 And the West Indian Archipelago,
 When the forced Dominion, codfish and all,
 Be in the Union, won't old John Bull bawl,
 While Sam will sing out brave Yankee Doodle
 And tell John he's now only a poodle.

UNCLE SAM GOING TO FREE IRELAND.*

That may oppress Ireland for a short while,
 But that he, Sam, would soon visit that isle,
 And fetch with him the sword of Bunker Hill,
 With some of the boys who are ready still

* It is not supposed that Uncle Sam or the boys are going personally to free Ireland. Their good will and sympathy only are needed.

To draw it in any deserving cause,
That at present they'd cut off John Bull's paws
Or his head, if any just need there be,
In making long oppressed Ireland free.
That the starry flag he'd take with him too,
Because Erin's sons have been to it true,
That it with the green flag in triumph shall wave
O'er long suffering Erin, which Sam will save.
Yes, the stripes, stars and harp shall in triumph wave
Over a free land, long a slave, always brave;
Then the Isle of Destiny, sweet Innis Fail,
Shall be as God designed, owned by the Geal.
Sam and the boys will get a *Cead Mille Failthe**,
Many shake hands and a heart-felt good *Slanthe*†,
And a promise that the ever faithful Isle
Will love Uncle Sam, who freed her from John's wile.

FREEDOM MARCHING.

Forward goes freedom, Americans and French,
Forming the van-guard, they surely won't flinch;
Suffering nations will take up the cue
And march with the van-guard the whole world through.
Onward they'll march 'till Adam's descendants
Shall have the rights in the great independence,
The great declaration, which does truly say
All men have rights which none can take away.
Inalienable rights cannot take wing,
The peasant wants them as well as the king.
Among them is life and true liberty,
To which one and all shall always be free,
And a free pursuit of real happiness,
For which none shall ever molest or distress.
God bless the Washingtons the world over,

* *Cead Mille Failthe*—A hundred thousand welcomes.† *Slanthe*—Health.

Who raise the people while tyrants they lower,
And all the immortal Bryan Boroos,
Who free their country though their lives they lose.

SAINT PATRICK AND THE IRISH.

No wonder Irish Christians Saint Patrick love,
He brought them glad tidings from heaven above,
He brought them the Scriptures, the cross and the mass,
With all that between God and man came to pass.
He did himself to God for them sacrifice,
That they might become children of the Allwise.
The cross he planted so deep in Irish soil
That it can't be upset by any turmoil.
In their pure hearts he planted the holy faith
Which they bring with them even unto death,
Believing it the true pass to God on high,
Who, without faith on earth, lets none Him go nigh.
He showed that in one God there are persons three,
And used the green Shamrock as a simile,
Saying as three equal leaves grow on one stem,
So three persons in one God are just like them ;
Three persons, each one God, yet the three but one,
Who was at time's birth and will be when time's gone.

SAINT PATRICK AND THE IRISH PAGANS.

Irish pagans, who worshiped the sun and moon,
Not knowing that God gave man them as a boon,
Found, through Saint Patrick, a God above them,
A God, part of whom forms the souls of men ;
A God who made man's soul like unto himself,
But of whom man lost sight in looking for pelf.
The only gods they could at all understand,
Were those whom they found convenient at hand.
The sun which gave them heat and vegetation,

Was the first God to draw their attention,
The moon with her silvery beams bright'ning the night,
Was the goddess in which they took most delight.
False gods and goddesses they had besides them,
Which were worshiped in common by pagan men.
But Saint Patrick, in his mission of true love,
Soon taught them to worship the one God above.
And they worship Him now, as in days gone by—
Tempter and tormenter they still defy.
There are but few now on the face of the earth,
Who can compare with them in Holy Faith.
Though some have got faults, faults they'd better spare,
To deny their great Lord they never dare.
Nor would they deny the blessed Trinity,
Who, through the shamrock, Saint Patrick let them see.
The great saint himself and the shamrock so green,
They love now as when first they had them seen.

THE GREAT FUTURE OF THE IRISH.

And they will love them more when they reach the sky,
Where Pat, Micky and Biddy need not feel shy.
Up there they'll meet all their patron saints here,
Who for their good deeds will not at them sneer.
But will get them a home for eternity,
Where sincerity's loved while duplicity
Is dispised there much more than even here,
By those who know it well and are sincere.
Wherever they go o'er the face of the earth
They hold them dear in their innermost heart ;
And defy all the imps on earth or in hell,
Saint Patrick or faith from their hearts to expel.
Though to some learned folk they seem rude and crude,
Through their great faith God still lets them see truth,
Which is oft unseen by learned philosophy,
That sees truth no more than does astrology.

Nor are the Irish so crude as some may think—
In learning they're scarce behind their peers a link.
And in truth I think the link's on their side
When I think how tyrants did them override.
Like their ancestors on the plains of Shanar,
They're with ignorance and confusion at war.
And those whom fortune have deprived of learning,
Have not been deprived of good discerning.
They see as much and more through faith's pure eyes
Than do many who are learnedly wise.

MANY TRIALS THEY SUFFER.

Many trials they suffer for their great faith—
Contempt and hunger, and not seldom death—
But it, indigenous as shamrocks that grow,
Spreads out the more it is trampled on so,
'Till now Irish exiles to the antipodes
Are converting to true faith God's enemies.
England and Scotland they're converting too,
To the place where to faith they bade adieu.
In North America they're making strides
That will not end 'till all disunion dies.
Over many nations they've got the mission
Which the Jews lost on Christ's crucifixion.
They suffer for their faith and to check error,
Which suffering is to scoffers a mirror
In which they see themselves and their evil deeds,
Then go for the mirror which them little heeds.
Like the pleasures they seek but cannot find,
The mirror goes off and leaves them behind.
Yet many scoffers, who did them oft decry,
Have they sent with faith's badge to God on high.
Mocking is catching, so the old proverb says,
If so, faith will mockers catch one of these days.
Those whom it will not will be the worst off,
The demons that lead them will at them scoff.

THE IRISH HONOR SAINT PATRICK.

Saint Patrick's Day all the true sons of Pat
Celebrate with shamrocks stuck in their hat,
To honor the Saint who to them first came
With the cross and mass in God's holy name—
The day when through the shamrock he let them see
Three persons in one God, the Trinity.
And Erin's fair daughters of pure and bright sheen,
Wear bright silk ribbons of pure Irish green,
To honor the Saint who did their hearts imbue
With graces of heaven—pure, constant and true.
So the Fourth of July and Saint Patrick's Day,
Will not from memory soon pass away.
They'll be welcomed and honored all the while
There's a true son of freedom or Erin's Isle.
Tyrants may try to kill true faith and freedom,
But they will outlive the last tyrant's kingdom.

A DREAM OF LOVE;

OR, GOD'S LOVE FOR MAN AND MAN'S
INGRATITUDE TO GOD.

This poem, with the exception of the part on the vision of the soul, was suggested by a dream I had shortly after going to bed in the winter of 1881. I thought I had a grand, extensive view and a conversation with some one unknown, and was counting on my fingers and writing down in poetry a description and a report of the same. The only thing I could recollect on waking was a faint idea of the dream and the numbers counted on my fingers, which were about the same as in this poem :

I had a dream one winter's night,
It was a dream of true love ;
The vision was so fair and bright,
I think it must be from above.
Love your God, the vision said,
Love Him above all other things,
Love everything that he has made,
Love it for Him, He's King of Kings.
Next to God love your fellow man,
Be to him helpful, kind and true,
You, like him, have got all you can
Your own bad passions to subdue.

God's the beginning and the end
Of all things in the universe,
And He made man on this depend,
With himself and angels to converse.
Not only when he leaves this sphere
On which he sojourns for a while,
And every day He leaves him here
He casts from heaven on him a smile.
Love not sin, bear this well in mind,
'Tis not of heaven but of hell;
And all sin, of whatever kind,
Deface the soul, mark you this well.

VISION OF THE SOUL*.

You had a vision of the soul,
Was it not beautiful and bright?
You saw dark spots upon that soul,
At which serpents suckl'd with delight.
That was a soul spotted with sin,
Those serpents were demons from hell,
Who gnaw the souls of sinful men,
While yet on this green earth they dwell.
Who would not harbor devils then
Must keep himself from all sin free,
For devils take possession when
The soul's in sin, as you did see.

CAN HIDE NOTHING FROM THE OMNIPRESENT.

Though hidden from all mortal eyes
God still all sin does plainly see.
Sin, no matter in what disguise,
Enslaves those that before were free.

* While I was writing this poem I had, or think I had, a vision of man's soul while at mass in St. Mary's Church, Rondout, N. Y. It was almost too bright for the eye to look at, but I could soon see on it one large, dark spot and other smaller ones. At those spots were a number of reptiles, somewhat like lizards, lustily sucking and wagging their tails. I intend to have a picture made of that vision.

Baptism leaves the soul as pure
 As Adam and Eve's from God's hand ;
 Man should all sorts of pain endure,
 Ere he'd get on his soul a brand.
 And though a brand on it he should get,
 God has lovingly left repentance,
 By which, with penance, he may yet
 Atone ere the eternal sentence.
 God does not seek the sinner's death,
 But he does seek his salvation,
 So all the time that man draws breath,
 He should hold God in adoration.
 Here I might tell what God has in store
 For those who keep His commands, and those
 Who repent in time and adore
 Him whom all but the vicious choose.
 Of this you shall hear more anon,
 At present my discourse goes on.

PERSEVERE IN INNOCENCE.

Keep your godlike soul in innocence,
 Estrange it not from its Maker,
 He will in time you recompense,
 You'll be of heaven a partaker.
 Man's time on this earth is not long
 When compared with eternity ;
 When he is old his soul's still young,
 If from all sin he keeps it free.
 Therefore in youth let man be wise,
 Let him shun sin and its occasion,
 Let his prayers to God daily rise,
 To guide him to truth, love and reason,
 And to all the great faculties
 With which He at first man endowed,
 But which are dimmed by trickeries
 With which Satan now does him confound.

Man is not like the beasts of earth,
Birds of air, or fish of the sea,
When they on earth cease to draw breath,
They're from all care and trouble free.
No, man of all things lives again,
Either in heaven or in hell,
His own conduct will prove a-main—
God at his death will him soon tell.
God has made man lord of the earth,
Has given him plenty and to spare,
So every day that man draws breath
He should offer God a prayer.
Poor man is lord, great God is king,
God always does at least His share ;
Some men for God scarce do a thing,
Yet do for devils that proudly glare.
They glare out with hellish delight,
At seeing some help their wicked scheme ;
Devils though much more dark than night,
Dread and hate God's most holy name.
Devils, the vision said, are foes
That love not neither God nor man,
And the wicked souls that God lose
Go down to hell in Satan's van.
God it is that made devils too,
But when made they were angels bright ;
Sin changed their nature and their hue
Into devils more dark than night.

THE DIFFERENCE.

The difference 'twixt heaven and hell,
Let me explain this for a while :
Hell is a place where nothing's well,
Heaven's all bliss and God's own smile.
Hell is a place God set apart
For wicked angels who rebelled,

Thence He sent them with such a start
 That they in terror screamed and yelled.
 They might yell but had to obey,
 God's holy will had to be done,
 There they remain the present day,
 There shall remain while time goes on.
 Pride and ambition was their sin,
 They'd be equal to God on high,
 And in heaven they made such din
 That God expelled them from the sky.
 Right into hell they went headlong,
 With yelling shouts of wild despair,
 They soon found out that God is strong,
 That it is folly Him to dare.
 In hell they found such frightful place
 They'd wish again to be above ;
 There they found both pain and disgrace,
 There found God's anger, not his love.
 All their repining came to naught,
 They never could get back again ;
 So earth, God's new-made sphere, they sought,
 To tempt God's new-made man to sin.

SATAN MALICIOUSLY TEMPTS EVE—EVE LOVINGLY
 TEMPTS ADAM—CONSTERNATION.

In Paradise Satan found Eve—
 It was a home of love and bliss—
 Eve did the snake Satan believe,
 But she soon heard his mocking hiss.
 Yes, when Adam broke God's command,
 The serpent such a hiss did make,
 That living things on every hand,
 Themselves into the shade did take.
 The heavens got uneasy too,
 Thunder and lightning they belched forth,
 All thought destruction coming through,
 Which would soon put an end to earth.

Adam and Eve, who were also hid,
Knew right well they were the cause
Of that hiss from the serpent's nib,
Of this great change in nature's laws.

SIN MAKES COWARDS—GOD LOVES BRAVERY.

How sin makes cowards of the brave,
The bravest man that e'er drew breath,
Will if in sin slink far away,
On seeing the approach of death.
Men should not so cowardly be ;
Should they die doing a good act,
They might of all their sins get free ;
That God loves bravery is a fact.
Not bravery such as the prize ring,
Or such as in the world makes strife,
But such as risks its own being,
Defending virtue, freedom or life.
Man should not so much fear to die,
He cannot always remain here,
This earth's but a place him to try,
His true home is beyond the bier.
To be sure it is hard to leave
Friends and relatives here behind,
But there are friends beyond the grave,
Friends of a superior kind.
Man also knows how he is here,
But knows not when thence he will go,
Whether he'll reach the upper sphere,
Or go down to the depths below.
As he knows not when death may call
He should at all times be prepared,
Then he'll be free of devils all,
For he will have all heaven's aid.

ADAM'S HAPPY FAMILY.

Adam and Eve were a happy twain,
And might be happy even still,
Did they not knowledge knavely gain,
Gain against their Creator's will.
God fed them like the birds of air,
And gave them bliss without alloy,
He but forbid them one fruit fair,
Which should they taste He said they'd die.
Such joy, the vision said, was there
As man can now scarce comprehend,
There did the loving new-made pair
Their love with God and each other blend.
No worldly guile was to them known,
All was great loving, bliss and joy,
All living things in peace round them grown,
Formed one peaceful, happy family.
The lamb and fawn played with the wolf,
The wolf returned their kind embrace,
The fox played with the goose and duck,
Ne'er thinking that he'd yet them chase.
The lion stalked among the flocks,
None did him dread as they do now,
Some stroked his mane, some stroked his locks,
He made them all a gentle bow.
No birds of prey went plundering there,
All were as gentle as the dove,
Some perched on trees, some flew in air,
Each warbling its own notes of love.
The scaly and the slimy fish
Were happy in the waters bright,
They never thought they'd make a dish
In which fallen man would delight.

ADAM NAMES THE ANIMALS—EVE PATS THEM.

Adam soon called them all right up
To give to each its proper name,

Eve smiling wished them all good luck,
 Stroking their heads, wings, gills or mane.
Birds flew exulting far and near,
 Beasts froliced gaily down the plain ;
The fish on land felt kind of queer,
 And soon took to the deep again.
Ere leaving they all gave a cheer
 To Adam and Eve for their fame,
Wishing them a Happy New Year ;
 All left, each happy in its name.
A Happy New Year it had been,
 Direct from its Creator's hand,
No New Year since had such bright sheen,
 Though New Years are sublimely grand.
The buds, the blossoms and the fruit,
 Were a delightful sight to see,
And Flora, in her bran new suit,
 Vied with the bloom and fruit-clad tree.
The limped streams and gentle wind
 Lulled the vision and the sense,
The sun, moon and stars, like the wind,
 Were then, as now, free of expense.
And Adam and Eve looked up there,
 Believing thither they'd yet go,
That God, when they'd served their time here,
 Would to them the upward road show.
All things God gave man were so good
 That it is hard to understand
How Satan in the serpent's hood
 Could tempt man to break God's command.

SOME TURN FAVORS TO THEIR RUIN.

But such is man he seldom knows
 In this gross world when he is well,
When God favors on some bestows,
 They then begin to work for hell.
Pride and ambition then take hold,

And foul impurity to boot,
Upward they soon corrupt with gold,
Downward they virtue prostitute.
Health and wealth, to all a blessing,
Are by some abused day after day,
Their owners not sense possessing,
To know them 'till God takes them away.

EXCRESCENCE ON THE HUMAN RACE.

See those very much favored men,
Who should be a blessing to their race,
Now all covered with filth and sin,
That even demons might disgrace.
And women, once so beautiful
That one might think them from the sky,
Now so rude, lewd and putrescent,
Neither fit to live nor to die.
But those wrecks are not man proper,
They're but excrescence on the race,
That must repent and must suffer
If with heaven they'd be at peace.
The same with those who curse and swear,
Every time breaking God's command,
They must take care how they Him dare,
Or they'll get into Satan's hand.
The foul-mouthed, smutty being,
Who loves to lay nakedness bare,
Should beware ere his foul saying
Brings him to God only knows where.
Other crimes I would talk over,
But love not them to numerate ;
Even these I'd try to cover,
Were they not bane to millions' fate.
Above all this great dissipation,
Man moves in accord with God's will,
When he errs he makes restitution,
And moves on in the right path still.

ON WOMAN, BIRDS AND FLOWERS;

WITH MAN THROWN IN.

The following poem is the sequel to an estimable lady's request. She had read some of my poems and requested me to write a poem for her on woman, birds ^{or} and flowers. After having read this poem she said: "It is very nice."

So hence it goes to these and those,
Who love their kind, birds and the rose,
And to all callous hearts as well,
It may bring them a magic spell.

For whom written—your request
To write for you a special poem,
Is hereby complied with without jest,
Hoping its faults you will condone.
To write on woman, birds and flowers,
Requires an abler pen than mine,
So I'll not offend the muses' powers,
Trying to be like them sublime.

But I shall write the best I can
 On these three charming subjects all,
 Throwing man in—oft erring man—
 Man on whom God so oft did call.

THE CREATION AND THE NAMING OF ANIMALS.

When God made man from dust of earth,
 He breathed into him life divine,
 Which shall not end with human death,
 But is as immortal as is time.
 From man's rib God gave woman birth,
 Made her his helpmate and his love,
 To live in happiness on earth,
 And in bliss in realms above.
 While Adam named created things,
 Eve in pristine beauty stood by,
 Smiling on flowers and birds that sing,
 On all God made beneath the sky.

MAN IS RULER—WOMAN CONTROLLER.

Though man is ruler of the earth,
 Woman controls his destiny ;
 Through woman to earth man brought death,
 Through woman Christ came man to free.
 Woman, Jacob, Isaac's son, made great,
 Got him the place of the elder son ;
 Though destiny did Esau cheat—
 His race now leads the Christian throng.
 There is scarce a doubt but Esau's race
 Was reserved for the Christian era,
 While Jacob's rose and fell from grace,
 Each Esau son's a Christian hero.
 The woman of the present day
 In the human hive is no drone,
 She's the beacon that guides man's way,
 To good or evil so she's prone.

Man is not yet near so complete
As with more culture he would be,
Since fair woman is his helpmeet
She should to his improvement see.
For on man woman's fate depends,
Be it for better or for worse,
When with the ungodly man blends,
Instead of bless her he'll her curse.
Man, too, should try woman to improve,
As no man seeks a helpless wife ;
Were there more improvement and love,
Man and woman would have less strife.

WOMAN AND THE TEMPTER.

The tempter knew Eve's gentle mind,
He knew she scarce would him refuse,
Through her kindness he controlled mankind,
'Till Mary's son did him confuse.
Mary, daughter of Joachim and Anna,
Stood so pure before God on high,
God sent, through her, His only son,
Eve tempter's power to destroy.
Well did that son His mission do,
As eighteen centuries certify,
He preached God's Word to Gentile and Jew,
Died, rose again and went on high.
Ere leaving He gave men all power,
Which his Father had given him—
Who have got that power at this hour
Is much disputed among men.

WOMAN LOVES THE BEAUTIFUL.

Woman loves sweet birds and flowers,
As, like her, they are sweet and fair,
Flowers enshrine her in her bowers,
Birds sing sweet for her in the air.

Song birds somewhat like woman be,
Full of sprightliness, joy and mirth,
Like her they the bright side of life see,
But unlike her they end with death.
Song birds singing by woman's bowers
Make glad her heart and bright her eye ;
When her bower's intertwined with flowers
She seems an angel from the sky.
From flowers little bees make honey,
Which gives woman so much delight,
Flowers feed the bee and butterfly,
Without being themselves less bright.
Sweet birds and flowers like the sunshine,
Make all earth glad from pole to pole ;
No rings nor kings can say they're mine,
They're beyond rings' and kings' control.
Birds and flowers seem made for woman,
To cheer her path and make her gay,
To cheer her and deck her person,
To make her bright as the sun's ray.
Of all on mother earth created
Woman comes nearest to divine ;
God first man from crude earth moulded,
Woman next He moulded superfine.
For sweet music none but woman
Can give it the celestial tone,
Other music seems but common—
Woman's voice stands distinct alone.

BIRD CONCERT.

The italics are the distinct expressions of birds. The other parts merely fill in the blanks.

CAT-BIRD TALKS.

How do you do? very glad to see you ;
Eureka! see how the sun drinks the dew ;
The dew comes from the clouds each night anew ;
The sun drinks it up on his morning view.

DOVE MAKES LOVE.

Coo, coo, coo! sweet dove, I love you ;
I've got no other love old or new ;
Coo, coo, coo! sweet dove, I love you.

CHIPPY ON FENCE OR TREE OFT REPEATS.

Chee, chee, chieff, chieff, achiepppee ;
Chieff, chieff, achiepppee, chee, chee.

BOBOLINK ON TALL LIMB REPEATS AND SOARS HIGH.

Dee, dee, deedle, deedle, dee, dee ;
Deedle, deedle, dee, dee, dee, dee.

ORIOLE'S HARMONIOUS SOLILOQUY.

Oriole papa! sings for dear mamma,
 Won't dear birdies love oriole papa?
 Oriole mamma won't birdies love too?
 She will bring them up as good mammas do.

ROBIN SINGS EARLY AND LATE.

Perial, perial, Prince Imperial;
Prince Imperial, perial, perial.

SAND-SNIPE SCARED.

To wit, to wit! we snipes must flit;
 Nature made snipes beyond compare;
 Princes, to get a nice titbit,
 Kill snipes in marsh and in the air.

ALL IN CHORUS.

We ne'er sing to princes that rule 'neath the sky,
 But ever sing to Him who rules nature all—
 Him who always notes even the sparrow's fall—
 To him we sing our notes of sweet melody.



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